A black and white photograph of a man, Nils Rasmussen, from the waist up. He is wearing a white tank top and dark, patterned shorts. He has a serious expression and is looking directly at the camera. His right hand is raised to his chin, with his index finger pointing upwards. The background is a plain, light color.

THE GRINCH WHO STOLE BEING SO FUCKING HARDCORE

AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

NILS RASMUSSEN

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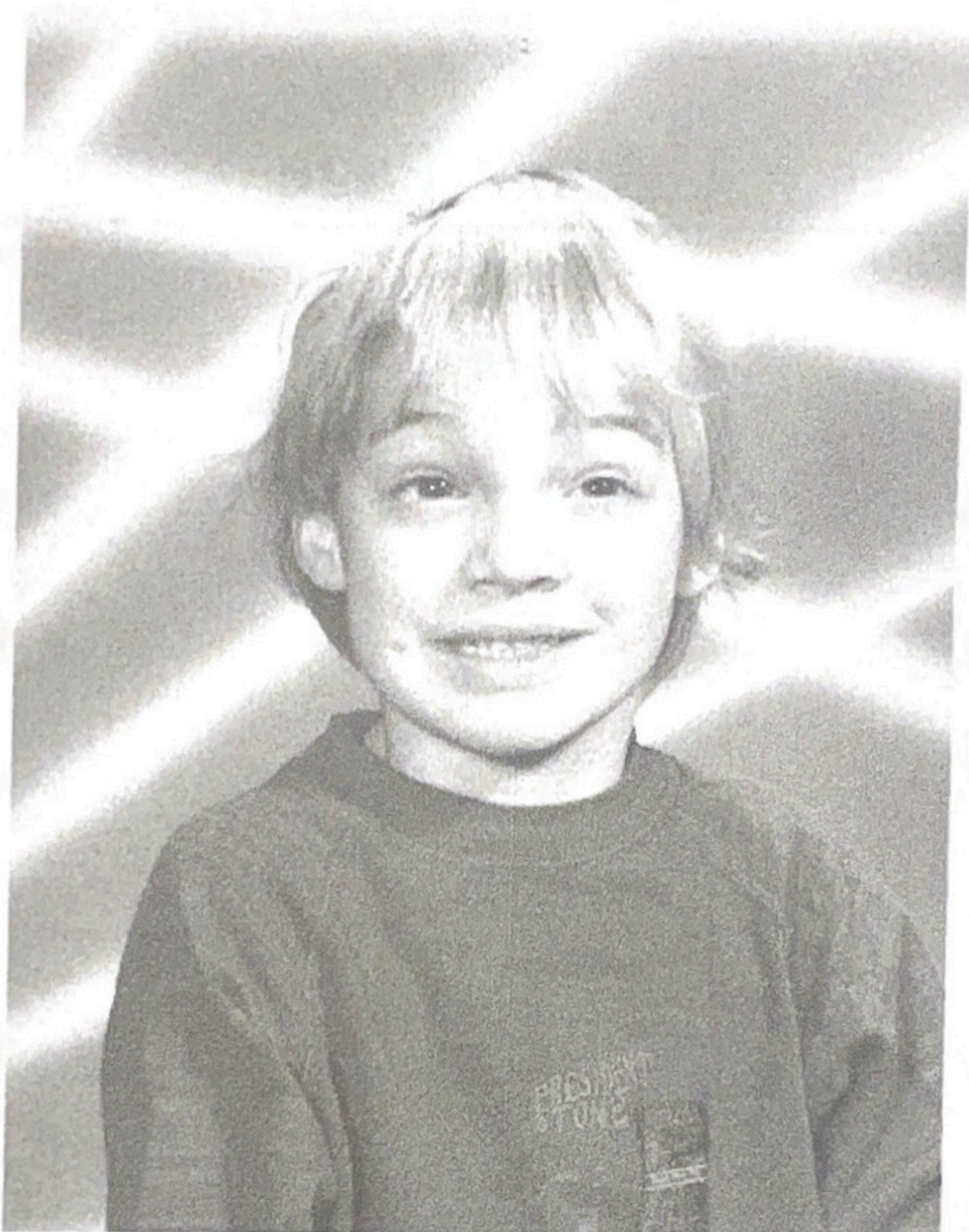
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CANADA!

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Dedication

For you.
(You know who you are.)

Useless Page



**THE GRINCH WHO STOLE
BEING SO FUCKING
HARDCORE:**

An Autobiography

Nils Rasmussen

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THE GRINCH WHO STOLE BEING SO FUCKING HARDCORE:

An Autobiography

Nils Rasmussen

Edited by John Finnie, Gerry “Chox” Rasmussen, & Prudence Olenik

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CHAPTER ONE

One day, I happened to be walking through a field littered with crows in my path. As I walked between the crows, the song playing through my petite white iPod headphones just happened to be at the exact tempo to match the speed of my steps. It was beyond magical. I knew in that instant that I had to write the event down or it might be forever lost in the giant mix of useless bullshit which makes up the majority of my memories.

Regardless of what anyone might think of me and my thirty years of mindless escapades, they must admit that I have experienced a lot of cool shit.

Do you remember Mortal Kombat? Yeah, me too. That game was pretty fucking sweet. I totally beat all three of the first Mortal Kombats on Super Nintendo. That's pretty sweet. If you want to know about Mortal Kombat, go type in "Mortal Kombat" into a Google search. I'll bet that there's some pretty cool stuff to read. Actually, just a second, I'm going to go do that.

Okay, I'm back. Sorry about that. It probably made a bit of a speed bump in my stupid little autobiography or whatever but it was totally worth it. I had completely forgot about Jaxx. I wonder what happened to Jaxx which made it so that he had arms made of steel? I'll have to check that out later. If it's interesting, I'll be sure to let you know.

So yeah, from what people tell me, I was born on April 2nd of 1985. I don't actually remember my own birth, which is probably for the best. Anyways, all I'm saying is that my date of birth MIGHT just be an elaborate lie to fool me for reasons unknown. I guess we'll see.

My first memory is Christmas at my Grandma Olenik's house. I remember pulling around a small toy duck on an orange string. The string might have been red actually. Whatever. It's feet were made of wheels. That probably doesn't make a whole lot of sense if you've never seen the toy in person but trust me, it wasn't that weird. I'll totally draw it for you if it's still really eating you up inside by the time I finish this book. From what my parents tell me, which again, may in fact be lies, it was Christmas, 1986. From what I know, most folks can't remember anything before the age of about five. That's actually true for me as well, with the

exception of the wheel-duck. From that point on, everything in my life was downhill.

CHAPTER 2

Clerk Lady: "Next please."

Nils: "Bonjour. J'aime a pelle two speeding tickets."

Clerk Lady: "What?"

Nils: "Yes."

Actually before I get into that, I just thought I would show you something really cool. You know the whole "mark of the beast", "666" bullshit? Yeah, of course you do. That makes things a lot easier for me. I really didn't want this to turn into a long, drawn-out summary of The Book of Revelations. I wouldn't want to read that either. *Anyways*, yeah. So, you know the word "computer" right? I can't remember which exact language it is, but there is some language out there in which "computer" translates to "number prophet". Pretty cool hey? I think that's a way better name for it. Shit. That wasn't what I was going to say at all. Please keep reading. I swear I'll stop fucking you around. But yeah, take the alphabet, and assign each letter to a corresponding value of multiples of 6; for example,

A=6, B=12, C=18 blah, blah, blah, then, spell out the word "computer" and add that shit up. You didn't do it did you? Are you just assuming that I'm going to tell you what the answer is? Rather bold of you I'd say. Bold or not, you win, because you're right. Adding all that shit up ends up adding to 666! Isn't that trippy? You can draw your own conclusions from that. You're welcome by the way.

What's that? Downhill? Yes, I remember now. I apologize if that was boring at all. It was just one of those things, you know? If I had neglected to tell you, you might have never known!

I believe that you can learn a lot about a person if you know what their idea of heaven happens to be. For me, once I die, I would like nothing more to be allowed to sit in front of a number prophet with a massive display screen. You're probably asking, *"Is that all? But Nils, you silly goose, you can do that here on Earth!"*. A valid argument. Well. *This* number prophet isn't your average number prophet. On *this* number prophet, a person can look up every imaginable statistic from his or her life on Earth. How many steps did I take during my stay in the land of the living? I bet that would be a pretty big fucking number. I would let that number sink in for a little bit and then I would

look up something else. How many completed balloon animals did Nils see while alive? Again, probably *way* more than I would have guessed. You see? Isn't that fun? I totally give you permission to use that one in your heaven too. I don't even mind if you say you made it up. What do I care?

CHAPTER 3

Starbuck's Clerk: "All proceeds go towards helping the poor in Africa."

Nils: "Africa still has poor people? Is that still a thing?"

Starbuck's Clerk: "...Yes."

When I look into the mirror, I pray to whatever wacky god that may exist that no one else can see what I see behind my eyes. From all outward appearances, I actually look pretty damn good for a thirty year old male. Youthful, deceptively healthy looking, and relatively

content with life. I sometimes wonder if I am the only person who can hear the story my eyes are silently screaming to tell. Buried within the monochrome blackness of my pupils, I see death, heartbreak, and unfulfilled longing. These eyes, to me, are the very definition of loss. No matter what I do, when I stare into the mirror, I see the writhing death of my first chinchilla, Bird. It plays over and over again. It seems that my subconscious affords mercy to everyone but itself. As if on a loop, I see my former fiancée, Sammi, throwing her engagement ring back into my face. I can clearly see my childhood dog, Lady, falling in slow motion down the stairs as her eyes call out for help that I cannot provide. And over it all, I hear all the voices of adults that I heard as a child, telling me how great I was to become. You try and not reach for the bottle of pills, a thin promise of numbness, if you saw that everytime you caught even a passing glance at your own reflection.

Boys Don't Cry is a terrible film.

CHAPTER 4

Nils: "Pride month is so gay."

Growing up, I can clearly remember watching *Sienfeld*, almost religiously with my dad. Even then, I knew that most of the jokes were going over my head but it never bothered me. I specifically remember the one time when I tried to remedy the situation by asking my dad what a "pimp" was. He said he didn't know. That was all I needed to hear apparently.

CHAPTER FIVE

No Pain Or Gain

If there's one thing in life that I happen to be an expert on, it is pain. As far back as I can remember, I have suffered from unmercifully debilitating migraines. I bring this up, not to warrant pity, but because, unfortunately, it happens to be one of my defining features. Pain and I go way back. We're very close.

All throughout my schooling, I was the school sick room's most prominent tenant. I have spent more hours staring at ceilings than I care to count. I actually used to know the exact number of holes in each and every ceiling tile which the room had to offer. I don't really know what to make of that fact. Whatever. Anyway, for the majority of my life, I did all that I could in order to convince myself that I could still lead a "*normal*" life. For a long time, I battled hard and even exceeded my own

stringent expectations. From grade school to University, despite missing massive amounts of class time, I still somehow managed to stay on the honor roll. University onward however, things began to really unravel. When I was young, both I, as well as my parents and pediatrician all believed I would “grow out of” the migraines. What happened was the exact opposite.

Throughout my twenties, I saw every migraine specialist, pain specialist, and neurologist that Edmonton had to throw my way. I tried everything. Acupuncture, massage therapy, aromatherapy, chiropractors, nerve block treatment, vasal constrictors, dietary changes, meditation... I even tried that retarded crystal therapy bullshit. I *knew* it wouldn't work, but I didn't have much to lose aside from fifty dollars for the hour-long session. Save your money if you're wondering.

The only thing that worked for me was the use of heavy-duty opiate medications. Dilaudid, otherwise known as hydromorphone. Through no real fault of my own, I became “dependent” on a certain brand of poison. What resulted was a reputation and belief, of even my closest friends, that I had become a junkie. The meds did wonders for my pain but did quite the opposite in regards to my

depression. Suicide seemed like an obvious solution. I don't really want to go into details, but I tried, and failed, on three separate occasions. The promise of nothing, the promise of the absence of pain, seemed almost too good to be true.

Not until the thirtieth year of my life did I finally accept that, aside from my artistic ventures in music and creative writing, I would never amount to anything in life. My future holds no great career, no chance of marriage, and *certainly* a great deal more pain to look forward to. It might be difficult to understand, but I am finally at the point in which I have accepted this. I don't ever expect to truly be happy, but that's okay. When death finally comes to me, he will be a welcome guest although I no longer feel the need to pay for his taxi.

Until that time happens, I will make the most of my time here on Earth. Regardless of limitations, big or small, I WILL leave an impressive bruise on the skin of history.

INTERMISSION

CHAPTER EIGHT

Editor: I need you to come up with a new entry for this week's Sagitarius.

Me: Which one was Sagitarius?

Editor: The one in which you accuse God of being a rapist...

Me: What's wrong with it?

Editor: ...

Me: ???

Editor: You can't call God a rapist.

Me: Fine.

Editor: I need it ASAP. You're holding up the presses.

PROFESSIONAL HOROSCOPES

While attending Grant MacEwan University, I took on the job of being the school paper's horoscope writer. I actually managed to pull out twelve bullshit horoscopes per week for nearly two years. *Sometimes I even amaze myself.*

When it started getting to be too much work and interfering with my studies, I quit. I think there's a lesson to be learned from that.

Anyhow, here's one week's example of my handywork:

Leo- Don't take the easy way out today.

Removing all the stickers from a Rubik's cube and then placing them back in the correct combination is NOT the way to achieve happiness.

Virgo- Enjoy what you eat. Monopoly is BACK at McDonald's with an only 1 in 4 chance to win! I'm Lovin' It!

Libra- Time to start being smarter with your funds. Instead of going out to the bar this weekend, stay in and drink excessive amounts of NyQuil. It may not help you meet new people, but it gets you WAY more fucked up.

Scorpio- Time to expand your horizons. If you haven't tried cocaine by now, you're missing out. It makes you feel fucking amazing!

Sagittarius- Tonight you and a friend will play mushroom Russian-roulette. If you're not familiar with the game, you take turns eating random mushrooms that you found in the woods until one of you gets violently ill.

Capricorn- Time for some deep theological thinking. If the Bible's "virgin birth" was not indeed consensual, does that make God a rapist?

Aquarius- Your hands have character. They tell your life story. Today when someone asks how you're doing, simply show them your hands in silence. You will both come away better from it.

Pisces- Today you will see some dude wearing cowboy boots. You'll think, "I wonder if I should start wearing cowboy boots? Hmmm. Naw, it would look weird if I just one day started wearing cowboy boots. I'm too old to make that kind of change."

Aries- Today you will finally admit that you do not understand the stock exchange. All you know is that it's bad when it's down.

Taurus- Horoscope haiku.
Hey look, it's your horoscope.
Advice from planets.

Gemini- Shooting stars or something. Today you will check on eBay to see if anyone is selling a Lady Gaga imitation meat-dress. (If they are, you will disagree with the price.)

Cancer- Today, you'll finally make a profile on match.com to end your painfully lonesome life. Under "likes", make sure you simply write "invisibility" and nothing else. Being mysterious is always attractive.

CHAPTER 9

Mom: What is that mark on your hand?

Me: What? Oh, I don't know.

Mom: Have you been shooting up?

If you are a police or a judge man, don't read this chapter. Are you still reading?

Hmmm....

Okay, I think they're gone. I don't feel their eyes reading me anymore.

Ha!

Thank god they're gone hey? I hate a police and/or judge man.

Anyways, here's a little trick I discovered;
Not many people know that you can even do this.

First, go get some money.

Got the money? Awesome, alright then.

Now that you have moneys, go find that guy who sells heroin.

Okay.

Pay the heroin man and get some heroin.

Okay.

Now, go do the heroin.

The SECRET that not many people seem to know is that "heroin" gets you *INSANELY* high. It's ridiculous how high it gets you. Like, oh my god. You're probably *SO* high now. Seriously. Heroin.

CHAPTER X

Hamlet: Oh, fuck.

(Exit Hamlet.)

NIGHTMARE

I open my eyes. Around me, there is a fear, a panic, as I have never seen before. It appears as though I am standing in the center of a downtown street. What city I am in, I do not know but it seems strangely familiar.

On all sides of me, a river of screaming citizens are sprinting in one uniform direction. Something unpleasant *must* be at the opposite end of the street. Without really understanding what it is that I am now trying to escape from, I instinctively join the crowd in its uniformly directional terror. Whatever we are running from, it **MUST** truly be something pretty terrible.

I run. I run as fast as my skinny little legs will carry me until I can feel the blood in my veins turning to battery acid. (I stole that line from "Fight Club".) I am running from the unknown.

Within what I judge to be a few city blocks distance, the tidal wave of humanity, of which I am now a part, is met by an equally large mass of screaming, frightened souls. They are sprinting in the exact *opposite* direction. No one breaks stride but me. This *other* group of people seem as though they must be fleeing from something equally, if not *more*, terrifying.

I stand in the middle of the street and watch the faces surrounding me bound in absolute terror, both heading in opposing rivers of souls. What if the unknown thing *these* people are running from is worse than whatever it is that I am trying to escape?

Which way do I go?

I am frozen in fear.

Which way do I go?

CHAPTER XI

** WHY DID I BUY THIS HAMMER? **

Why did I buy this hammer? I don't have anything that needs to be hammered. It wasn't even on sale.

My bank balance must be around negative five or six hundred. What the hell am I doing buying a twenty-six dollar hammer?

I wonder if you can return a hammer? Is that something that people do?

Shit.

I don't think I took the receipt the hardware store guy offered me after I bought this stupid

hammer.

Maybe I know someone who might like a hammer as a X-Mas gift? What am I talking about? No one gives someone a surprise hammer. This is the twenty-first century here.

Shit.

Wait a minute, I bought a roll of masking tape too? What the fuck? What in the hell was I thinking? I'm not a fucking handyman. Fuck.

Okay... How expensive was the masking tape?... Just a second, I'll see if it still has its price tag on it...

Hold on.

Okay, I'm back.

Hmmm... \$2.79? Actually, that's a pretty good deal.

CHAPTER 12 ³/₄

Me: Why are you buying so many lemons?

Dori: Shhh!

Me: What? No, why are you buying half a dozen lemons???

Dori: Shut the fuck up! Do you want someone to hear you?!

* NATURE'S CHINCHILLAS *

Chinchillas. They truly *are* Nature's chinchillas. At age nineteen, I adopted my first chinchilla. Her name was Bird. She was absolute magic. I instantly fell in love with an entire species.

I have always hated human children. It's just a thing. I'm pretty sure I always will. Somehow, Bird brought about a paternal instinct within myself that I did not know existed. I loved that little furball with all my heart. I gave everything I had to her & she paid me back with a love that was previously unknown to me. It didn't take long before we were able to communicate using nothing but our eyes. (Chinchillas *are* a great deal smarter than you might expect, although they still haven't mastered English.)

Although chins have a lifespan of up to fifteen or even sixteen years, Bird was stolen from me in less than two.

I don't think that I have ever cried so hard.

Without the support of my girlfriend, Dori, as well as Chox, my Mom, & John, I don't know how badly it could have affected me.

Even *with* this tight support network, I was thrown into a month-long depression. I withdrew from everything. From life. I would have gladly given up my own right hand to have Bird back *just* a little longer on this Earth. I'm even crying as I type this. Wow.

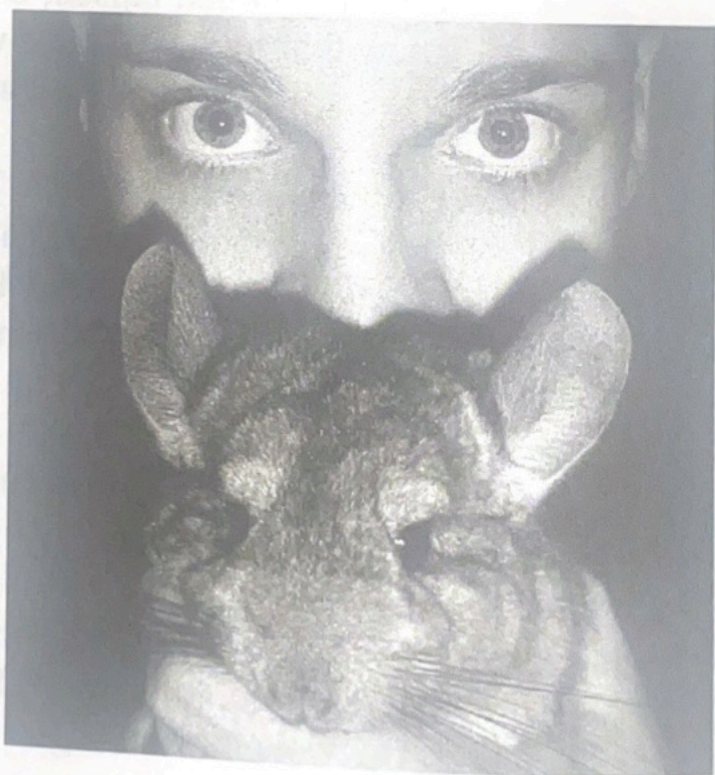
After the grieving period had lapsed, or at least subsided a bit, I knew that my love affair with chins needed to carry on. If I was a coin, I *knew* that chins were the tails to my head.

I invited both Fern and Tetra, ("*Teddy*"), into my life. Dori fell in love with the species as much, if not more, than I did. She adopted her first chinchilla, Chibi, shortly prior to moving in with me. A family of three chinchillas quickly turned into a family of seven, (*not counting myself or Dori*). Never before had responsibility been so exciting. On top of Fern, Teddy, and Chibi; Tero, Max, and Roo all became part of our big, furry family.

A combination of my worsening health issues and Dori's newfound addiction to World of Warcraft eventually spelled the end of things between Dori & me. Despite the break-up, we managed to stay close friends and long-distance chin parents. I have never seen *anyone* with as much love to give to her animals, let alone children, as Dori possesses. It's mind-blowing. She is truly as beautiful inside as she is outside.

After nine years with Fern & Teddy, a two day Summer heat-wave claimed both lives within a period of not less than thirty hours. I was crushed. Beyond crushed. My final twelve hours with Fern were honestly some of the most difficult hours in my entire life. I don't want to get into details and I don't think you need them. It still hurts far too much.

Although I do not believe in any *human* afterlife, I know that Chinchilla Heaven has two more angels.



CHAPTER 17

Movie Director: "We're going to have you in Afghanistan. All together. Riding horses."

Nils: "Sounds amazing."

Two or three weeks ago, I decided that it was about the time in my life that I should get a Will. I'm not talking about getting a new friend named William but one of those pieces of paper that lets you boss people around after you're dead. Yeah, I need one of those.

I decided that it would be a lot of fun to make dealing with my passing as difficult as possible for my loved ones. Here's an excerpt from my Will. It should give you an idea of what I mean:

Disposition of Remains

7. It is my wish that the following steps be taken in regards to my physical remains. First, I would like to have my body cremated. In no circumstance should my

remains be buried without prior cremation. Once cremated, I wish that my ashes be put into a bath tub filled with Dasani bottled water and electrocuted. Electrocution may be administered in any method. I suggest throwing in a toaster which is plugged in to a standard electrical outlet. However, do not use the outlet within the bathroom itself as such outlets are sometimes installed with a much lower power output in order to prevent accidental electrocution to the living. Once my ashes have been electrocuted, I ask that they be taken on a pleasant date with someone that I might have found attractive while still alive. Said date should try and show my remains a good time. This includes trying to feed my ashes choice meat and fine wine. Upon completion of the date, I ask that the woman thank my remains for a pleasant evening and say that she will give my ashes a call in the near future. That same evening, please allow my ashes to spend the night in a comfortable bed alone until morning. The following day, please dispose of my ashes in a dumpster behind a local fast food establishment. After this, I will be at peace.

CHAPTER 18

* *THIS HAPPENS FAR TOO FREQUENTLY* *

Please don't do this to me right now. You're taking advantage of me when I'm sick. This isn't fair.

Oh, no. Of course not. We wouldn't do that. But let's get back to talking numbers.

Please, no. Not now.

At the cabin's present condition, I would be willing to give you an offer of an interwoven grid of small rocks, electricity, and wires. I think that is *more* than generous.

I'll give you *that*, but with a few big rocks thrown in.

Please, no. Come back tomorrow. I'm too sick for this.

How about small rocks, electricity, and wires?

What? Wait. What?

Hmmm... Okay, fair enough. Medium rocks throughout.

I'd be willing to do a mix of small, medium, *and* big rocks.

Ha! Who could seriously pull that off? He's pulling your leg, Nils. He can't do that.

I certainly can.

We'll see about that.

How about *all* big rocks?

What? I don't understand. I'm seriously *really* sick right now.

So, you prefer the *big* rocks with your electricity?

I don't care. Just leave me alone. I want to sleep.

Good luck trying to sleep like *that*. You're not

even in any of the five approved sleep positions.

Go away.

CHAPTER 18

A bird outside my bedroom window is making some sort of sound. I've never heard a sound like it before. I didn't even know that sound existed.

It's dark out.

I wonder what strange sort of bird can make a sound like that?

I am thirty years old.

CHAPTER 18

MONEY WELL SPENT

I fondly remember the corner store near the house in which I grew up. It used to have a twenty-five cent car-racing arcade game. Don't remember the game's name, sorry.

I used to pump that bitch full of quarters for the sole purpose of crashing my virtual car over and over and over. I would drive into other cars, trees, and over long lines of pylons. The best part of the game was when you would turn the car around and race against traffic, in the opposite direction. A large pixelated hand would appear on the screen, proclaiming in a recorded voice, that, "You are going in the wrong direction,".

Best game *ever*.

CHAPTER 18

I take a great deal of comfort when I remind myself of the life-story of Vincent Van Gogh. Although his paintings are now among some of the world's most treasured "*things*", the man only sold *two* of his paintings during his lifetime.

Van Gogh painted because, *what* he painted, *amazed* himself. That's all it was. I love his story.

I find myself making music, writing, or drawing for the exact same reason. When I look back at what I've made, I feel *good*. That simple.

In the year 20001, (oops, that should say "2001"), when it really hit home that there was a real market for Uncle Outrage, I was honestly astonished. In my mind, I had simply cranked out over a hundred songs as "a hobby". Frankly, the idea that someone *else* should also enjoy my annoying bullshit just seemed odd.

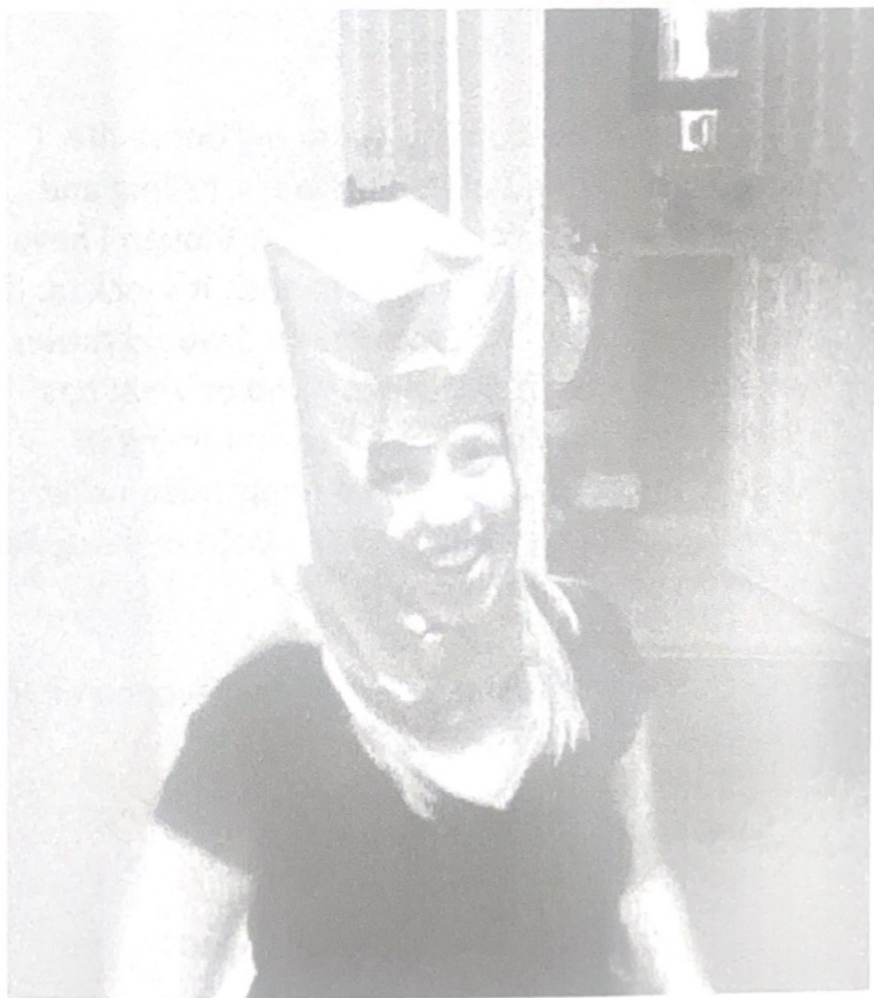
At this point, in music, fiction, as well as physical art, I am more than happy to know that I have at least sold "*more than two*".

Suck it Van Gogh.

CHAPTER S.H.

Why does it matter?

Because I loved her.



CHAPTER 24

Get a load of this – *I'm a fiction writer!*

Here is one of my short stories:

“DOOR”

I have lived in this room my entire life. I know nothing else but its four walls, ceiling and floor. There is, of course, a door, although I have never tried to open it. For all I know, it's locked. If I am indeed locked inside my room, I would rather not ever try the door. Fears of who or what has locked me inside have kept me from trying to venture outside. I would die a happy man never knowing the door's secret since I believe it is always better to be safe than sorry.

Knock.

My imagination. No one has ever come to my door.

Knock.

My God. What do I do?

Knock.

A voice beyond the door called to me.

"Hello?" said the voice.

Should I reply? No. What if this is who has possibly locked the door? I can't risk it.

"Is anyone home?"

I dare not move even a muscle. My heart is the only sound. I wonder if he can hear it?

Footsteps moving away from the door. Silence once again. Thank God the door might be locked.

I have lived in this room my entire life.

CHAPTER 24

UNCLE OUTRAGE

So yeah, I mentioned Uncle Outrage in one of the previous chapters. I think it was in one of the Chapter 18s.

I guess I became I minor internet celebrity through my band. Overall, it's been a ton of fun so far, and one of the things which I am truly most proud to have done with my life.

I ended up getting to work with a bunch of my teenage idols and recorded over 200 songs. However, if you're thinking about becoming a minor internet celebrity for yourself, be prepared to make almost *no* money. You *will* get a massive amount of fanmail from Russians, which is all well and good, but those things are tricky to sell.

Here are a few of the current statistics, as of October 2015, about Uncle Outrage. I list these not to brag, but because they're... Well... I really don't know. It's hard to say. Am I bragging? I guess that's for you to decide. All I know is that when I read these numbers, it

makes me feel good. Like I've actually done something with myself.

- 5 studio albums.

 - Bonecock vol.1 (2004)

 - Dance Extreme (2006)

 - The Chinchilla Album (2008)

 - Best Before 2012 (2011)

 - Space Legs (2014)

- Approximately 5,500 albums sold.

- Nearly half a million page views of UO's last.fm webpage & around 22,000 plays.

- A Russian fanpage with over 350 members.

- Fans in over twenty countries across the globe.

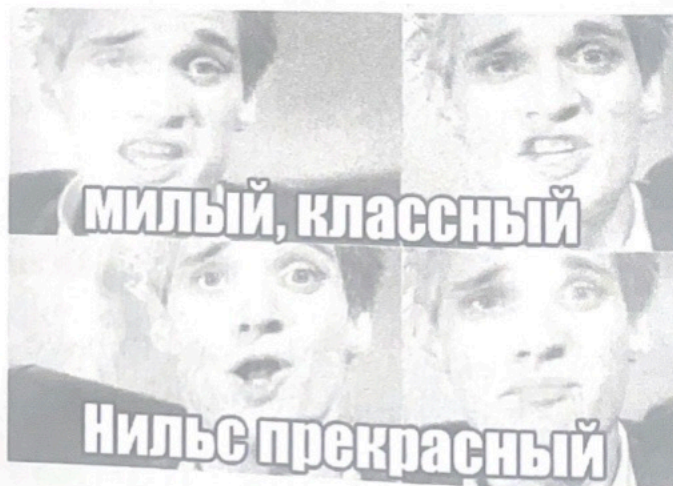
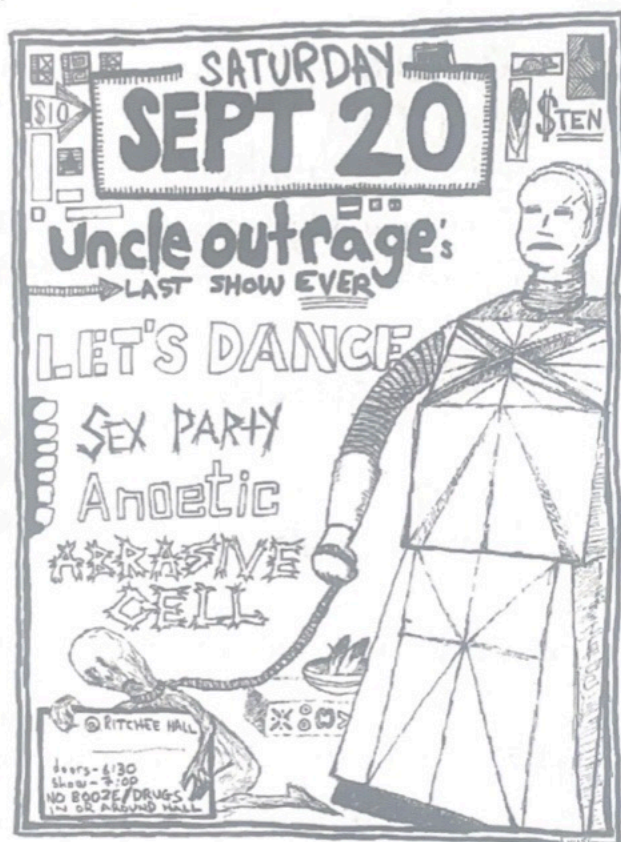
- The #3 single on mp3.com's top charts in Canada.

- Four official music videos.

- Played over 60 shows across Alberta.

Needless to say, I am very, very blessed to have so many people think that my annoyingly nasal voice is enjoyable. If you count yourself among

Uncle Outrage's fans, I want to say *thank you*.
You're the best fans that a band could have,
(*although I do wish you would buy more shit*).



CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

When I grow up, after I have won the lottery, I want to waste the remainder of my life on my private acreage, writing horrible poetry about buffalo that no one will ever read. Once I have accomplished this feat, (and I will), you can know in your heart that I have died a happy man.

*Across the plains
Eating a feast of grass.*

Buffalo?

Bison?

Gods among beasts.

Big brown mane.

Glory.

Glory to you, oh Lord.

Oh, Lord of the bison.

Are you there?

Am I there?

Yes.

I am at one with the bison.

CHAPTER 26

4-7-11-24-31-32-33

In my final year of high school, my gambling problem was at its peak. My game of choice? Blackjack. Dealer? Me.

I specifically remember one day in which I was raking some chump kid named Ryan through the coals. Badly too. He couldn't win a single hand to save his life. *Or* his money, for that matter.

At the time, although I was pulling in some serious schwah, I felt pretty bad for the kid. In order to give him at least a *chance* to hold on to *some* of his remaining money, (and self-respect), I kept letting him go double-or-nothing. Unfortunately for him, luck was stuck to my side like an old barnicle on a steamboat.

After he had reached \$460 in the hole, I decided to close up shop for the day. One more double-or-nothing hand might have this seventeen year-old kid in a debt of over \$900. As much as I loved money, I couldn't do that. Even if he was just some kid I didn't really care about, I couldn't do that.

All he had on him was \$60, but being the fantastic guy that I was, I assured Ryan that it was fine for him to pay me the remaining \$400 on the following school-day. He looked *pretty* depressed but he promised he would. I also told him I didn't feel comfortable gambling with him anymore. He understood.

As soon as school was let out that day, I went straight to Holt Renfrew, an extremely upscale clothing store in order to treat myself to something nice to celebrate. I decided on a \$420 pair of Diesel jeans. They weren't even that great a pair of jeans, but Diesel was cool at the time and, hey, what the hell?

The following morning came news that Ryan had dropped out of school.

Seriously Ryan?

Fuck.

There should be some sort of parable, or saying, to warn people against making the same mistake as me. Maybe it should be about chickens or something. Maybe about a bush? Wait, no. That's not right. Two bushes?

Eggs.

Yeah. It should be about eggs.

Fuck you Ryan. These pants look retarded.

CHAPTER 27 ®

Me: Can you please make sure that my order is to-go?

Dairy Queen: You're in the drive-thru.

Me: I know.

Today I asked Chox, (I call my dad "Chox" for reasons I'm not going to get into for this autobiography.), if I could borrow some blank white foamcore board to make some signs. When he asked what sort of signs I planned to create, I explained I was going to make signs that said things like, 'Get a Job', or 'Work Harder' which I would hold up to construction workers as I drove by in my station wagon.

He didn't like the idea and said that he wouldn't give me the foamcore boards and that I shouldn't do it.

I am still going to do it.

CHAPTER 30 -2

Some Loser: Hey man, do you have an extra cigarette?

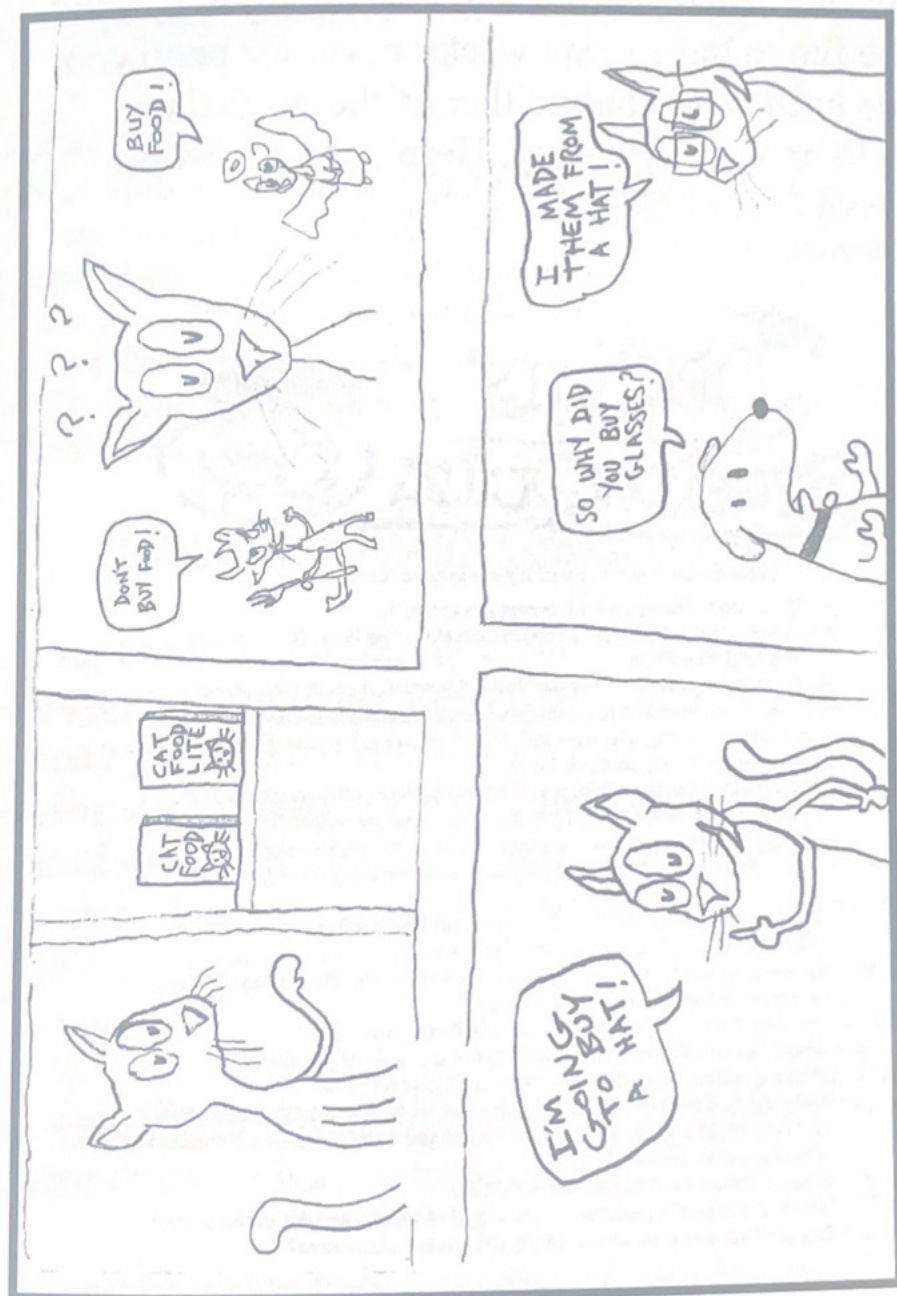
Me: No. Do you?

Some Loser: No.

Me: Okay then.

I came *pretty* close to becoming a cartoonist, following in Chox's footsteps. I ultimately decided against the idea because I do not enjoy to laugh.

Here is one of my comic strips:
(This strip involves a cat named Hector)



I THINK THIS IS CHAPTER 31

I tried to get *Vue Magazine*, as well as *See Magazine* (which is now defunct), to publish a weekly quiz which I'd write. I thought it would be fun to have some wacky trivia for people to do each week, but neither of the magazine editors saw it my way. Here's what it would have looked like:

(Answers on page #70)

DR. NILS' STUPID QUIZ



- 1 - The inner ear is made up of how many bones?
- 2 - What does Chupacabra translate to in English?
- 3½ - What are the 4 names of the Gospels from The New Testament of the Christian Bible?
- 4 - On what day of the year was Julius Caesar supposedly murdered?
- 5 - In the 1980s, Michael Jackson's hair was accidentally set on fire during the filming of a commercial. What company was the commercial being produced for?
- 6 - Which year did the infamous "Roswell Incident" take place during?
- 7 - What is the active ingredient in regular strength Tylenol?
- 8 - "Queequeg" is a fictional character from which famous novel?
- 9 - The Clash's song "Rock The Casbah" was sampled by Will Smith in which 1999 hit single?
- X - In the first episode of Star Trek: The Next Generation, "Q" introduced the crew of The Enterprise to which enemy?
- XI - Tim Armstrong, the frontman of the punk band Rancid, got his start as a former member of which popular band?
- XII - Who was Tom Green's sidekick on "The Tom Green Show"?
- 13 - What was the name of the robot from the movie "Short Circuit"?
- XIV - What ingredient gives Earl Grey tea its distinctive flavor?
- 15 - Designed by Leonardo Da Vinci, the "Aerial Screw" was the theoretical invention that is commonly thought of as the ancestor to which modern-day piece of machinery?
- 16 - Who was the city of Rome named after?
- 17 - "The Pit" is a setting located in the world of which popular video game?
- 18 - The piano belongs to which family of musical instruments?

CHAPTER 32

Jenn Zilla: Wut iz yer mailing address

Me: Nils Rasmussen

#61 11235 – 31ave NW

Edmonton, Alberta

T6V 3V6

CANADA!

Jenn Zilla: K.

Me: Make sure that "CANADA!" has the exclamation point or it won't get here.

Jenn Zilla: I'll make it colorful as well.

Me: I live in CANADA!, not Canada.

Jenn Zilla: And definitely not "caaaaanada"

Me: Yeah! You've got the idea!

Jenn Zilla: I'm on this.

OTHER COOL SHIT I HAVE DONE:

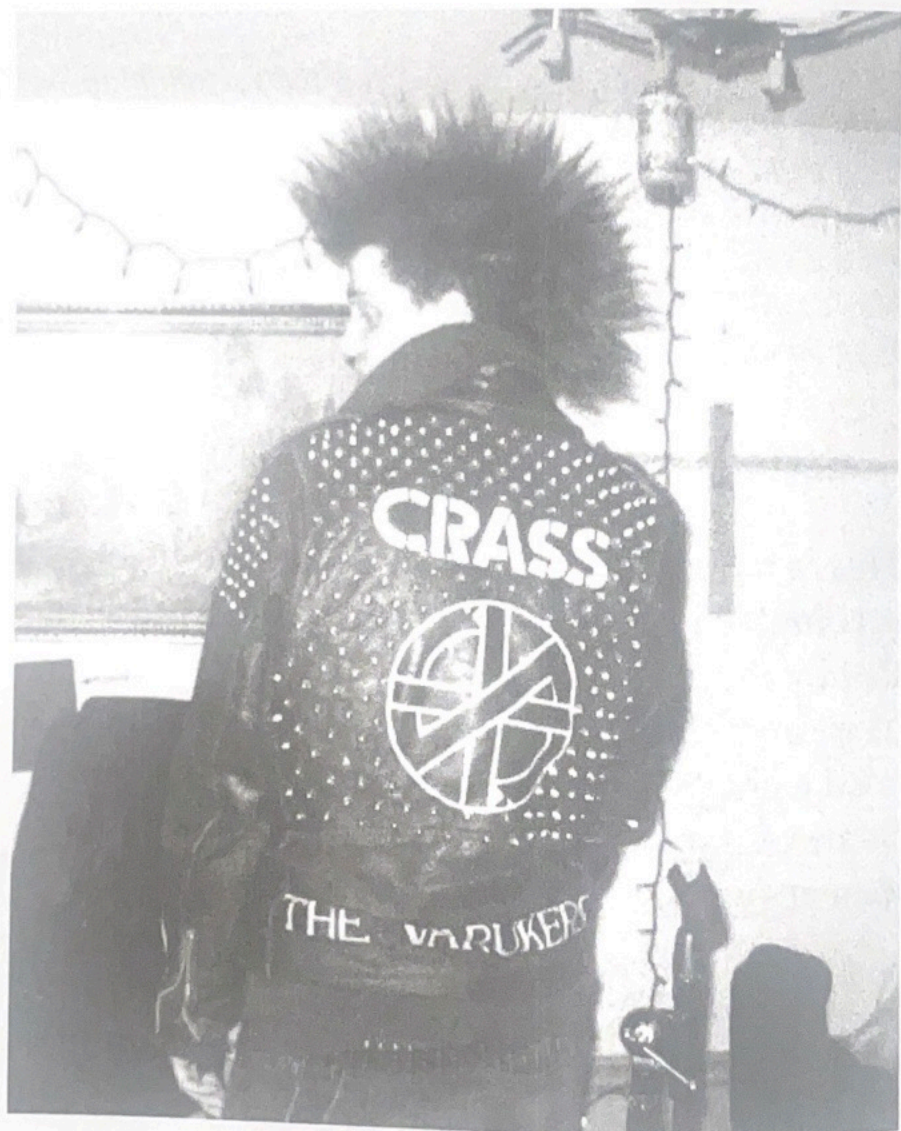
This is a list of other cool shit I have done or accomplished in my life, (if you didn't guess that by the above header).

Most of it speaks for itself and therefore doesn't need a chapter, or even a paragraph of its own. Some of the entries may leave more questions than answers, but whatever.

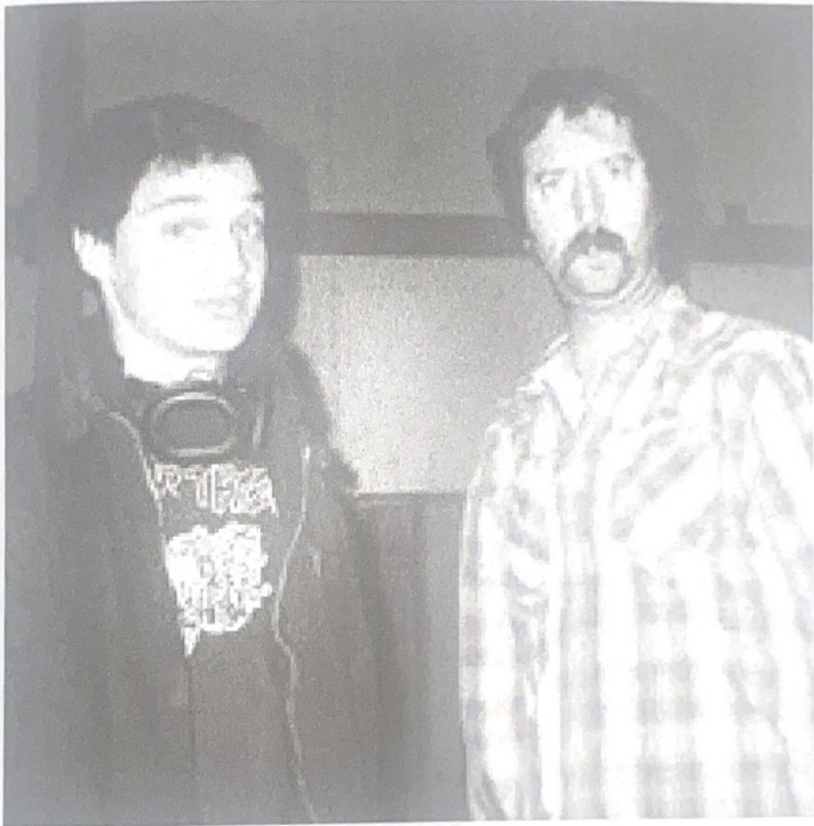
- Me & a few friends set off fireworks in an elementary school at nighttime.
- I got to watch entire crowds of people sing

along to my lyrics during Uncle Ourage concerts.

- I made a bunch of "fake" punk jackets which I sold on eBay for about \$350 each. Punks are such suckers.



- I worked as a sound-assist on a Tom Green movie.



- I actually reached life-guard level in swimming by the age of eleven.

- I had a band in Russia do a cover of one of my songs.

- I spent half a month alone in a cabin in the woods. Did that twice actually.

- I got tied up & whipped for the sake of art.



- I had one of my own band's songs randomly come on the stereo during a party I had crashed

- I have now published 3 books, (including this one), and had three of my short sci-fi stories published in online magazines.

- Two guys in Mexico made a music video for the Uncle Outrage song, "circuit²circuit³". (It's a really great video too. Check it out. It's on YouTube)

- I got to meet my idol, Little Jimmy Urine, at a Mindless Self Indulgence concert. My mind was fucking *blown* when I found out that he already knew who I was. He gave me a kiss on the forehead. Sweet guy.

- Uncle Outrage appears in the Thank-You list of Mindless Self Indulgence's live album, "Alienating Our Audience".

- I have seen three UFOs in my lifetime. Two during broad daylight. 1996, 2006, & 2015. If you don't believe me, *fuck you*. I know what I saw.

- I have gone on stage & done stand-up comedy on three occasions, (once dressed as a ghost).

- I once had the amazing responsibility of taking care of seven chinchillas with Dori. Lots of happy memories of those little furballs.



- In 2014, I got engaged to the girl of my dreams. She said "Yes"! I'm *pretty sure* she hates my guts now, but whatever, I still did it. No regrets.

- Invented, and played, "Flaming Soccer".

- In Bragg Creek, in 2015, I found a motherfucking 6-leaf clover. I'm not even joking.



- Taught two people how to play the guitar.
 - I managed to beat all three of the old Mortal Kombat games on SNES. (Yes, I *am* proud of this.)
 - I won a hockey pool in 2001.
 - I had to get circumcised at the tender age of thirteen. Without anesthetic. Yeah. Don't talk to me about pain.
 - I've now written, recorded, and mixed over 200 songs since 1999.
 - I illustrated three year's worth of wall calendars. (Most of the drawings are up on my Facebook profile. Check that shit out.)
 - I make some damn good chicken fajitas. I know that this one doesn't really belong on a list of life-achievements, but when you stop to consider that I don't *really* know how to cook *anything*, I think it's pretty impressive.
 - I stayed best friends with the same guy for twenty-five years.
-

- I once did a modeling job for Derk's Menswear.



- I wrote an autobiography at age thirty. (Pretty meta).

FINAL THOUGHTS

Doctor: It says here that you don't smoke weed?

Me: That's right.

Doctor: Really?

Me: Yeah. I don't smoke weed.

Doctor: But...Everybody smokes weed.

Me: Didn't you see my bloodwork?

Doctor: We don't check for weed.

I am free

No matter what rules surround me

If I find them tolerable, I tolerate them

If I find them too obnoxious, I break them

I am free because I know that, I alone,

Am morally responsible for everything I do

It's not easy being a genius. Trust me. I am a genius.

It's not fun being escorted from heaven in an ambulance.

I am a bird.

I live in antarctica.

My name rhymes with genguin.

Adding googley eyes to anything makes it better.

FINAL CHAPTER

Me: What would a person do in order for you to draw your pistol?

Police Officer: Excuse me?

Me: You heard me.

So yeah.

That's the story of my life.

I hope you enjoyed reading my life just as much as I enjoyed living it.

Actually, no. That's a horrible thing to say. I fucking hate my life. I hate every minute that I am alive and I cannot wait for this fucking joke of a reality to be over & done with.

Hmmm...

So, yeah.

I guess I hope you enjoyed reading about my life far more than I enjoyed living it.

There.

That works.

Thank You:

(in alphabetical order) :

Sammi Hass, Chox, Mom, John Finnie, Dori Bibbey, H, Ashley Waring, Fern, Teddy, Bird, Poppy, Chibi, Roo, Max, Mouse, Taro, Dart, Murdoch, Lady, Toby, Molly, Murphy, Wash, Terrance Ketcheson, Lisa Pullen, Andrea Kutchera, Kandice Little, Hank from Red Goose, Cale Hall, Jay Buchanan, Scott Drebit, Clare Donnelly, Peter & Margaret Hass, Leeanne Ariel, Robert Moulton, Doug Reynar, Shelley & Keith Bibbey, Rob Bibbey, Becker, Leonard Jobb, Joanna, Peter Hill, Rob from Stars & Rookies, Nichole P, Jaromir Jagr, Little Jimmy Urine, Mike H, Brett Klein, Mike Diva, Dr. Wong, Dr. Sanderman, Anne Glass, Melissa Glass, Steve Glass, Barbara from Bragg Creek, Anthony Hicks, Ritchee from Switchee, King James, Michael Gee from The O/ggg, Julee from Erotic Golf, hChris, Jenn Zilla, Ben Disaster, Clint Frazier, Jake Cooke, Kevin Maimann, Jenna Williams, Nathaniel Sutton, Simon Glassman, Simon Gorsak, Brett McCrindle, Stew Kirkwood, Nick Lamberink, Robert Sheckley, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Dylan Cadaver, Kirk LeBlanc, The entire Meyer family, Matt Poles, Ryan Holmes, Stephanie, Steve from Bohemia, The Sharktank, The Sidetrack Café, Filthy McNasty's, Ryan Kill, Dan Patko, Mr. G, Tom Green, Robert Duff, Tom

Edwards, Matt Berezan, Everyone from the Harold Snepts hockey pool, Jim Jefferies, David Cross, Bob Odenkirk, Tim Heidecker, Luke Nükem, Pam Pawsins, Ally Rasmussen, Morgan Lambert, Morgan Noseworthy, DJ Weez-L/Eric, Rick & Alice, Mattie, Madeline Bianchini, Phil Rasmussen, Lucas Rasmussen, Grampa Torben, Grampa Olenik, Grandma Ingrid, Grandma Olenik, Tom Olenik, Auntie Suzanne, Sean & Chris, Aiden, Dr. Hamberger, Ann Kennard, Shane Hellie, Dashiell Brasen, Terese Brasen, Langston, Lisa Jones, Shauna Turner, David Finkelman, Deb Wampler, Aaron Clark, Angie Sobota, Sandra Lee, Terry D, Mavi, Vincent, Dr. Shapiro, Logan Turner, John Blerot, Mike Saunders, Shelby Gonzales, John Beiver, Kiri Ann, Dave Josuttes, Dennis Perkins, Peter Pepper, Angela Cairns, Geoff Hollis, all of the Uncle Outrage fans out there, Sam Mills, as well as anyone I might have forgotten to name here...

About the Author

* see Page 1

ANSWERS:

1 - 3

2 - "goat sucker"

3 - Matthew, Mark, Luke, & John

4 - March 15th (the ides of March)

5 - Pepsi

® - 1947

7 - Acetaminophen

8 - Moby Dick

9 - "Willenium"

X - The Borg

XI - Operation Ivy

XII - Glen Humplik

¢ - Jonny 5

XIV - Bergamot

15 - The helicopter

16 - Romulus

17 - Mortal Kombat

18 - Percussion

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OTHER WORKS BY THE AUTHOR:

- Axe on a Stump (*coming Spring 2016*)
- A Bunch of Short Stories About Robots & Space (*coming December 2015*)
- VETA & Other Short Stories (2014)
- Sunny Side Up (2014)
- War and Peace 2 (2014)
- Forest Gump 2 (2013)
- Terminator 2 2 (2013)
- Saving Private Ryan 2 (2010)
- Apollo 13 2 (2010)
- The Green Mile 2 (2008)
- Sophie's Choice 2 (2007)
- Schindler's List 2 (2007)
- Jeep (the vehicle)
- Bop & Wizzy (2006)
- Boopy Joopy 2 (2005)
- Beep-Boop-a-Jeep-Jop (2005)
- Castaway 2 (2000)
- The Da Vinci Code 2 (1999)
- Keys to the V.I.P. (actor) (1998)
- Fizz Goes the Whiz! (1995)

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www.alrightwe'redonehere.com

Notes

Notes

Congrats!

*You have just finished reading another
book!*

Good for you.



NILS RASMUSSEN

This book is meant for external use only. Store in a dry, safe place out of the reach of small children & pets. If swallowed, proceed immediately to your closest emergency facility. Avoid direct contact with skin or eyes. If rash develops, discontinue reading and contact your physician.

"Autobiography" is just a word. So are many other words. This is a book full of words. These words are words written by me. Most of the words, when read in order, end up being about me. If you look carefully, you may even find a number or two.

A great deal of people seem to enjoy the act of not telling the truth. Some people even avoid truth out of fear. This autobiography is true. The ups, the downs, and the in-betweens are all true. No names have been changed. If you are opposed to your name appearing in this book, you probably should not have made any noticable impact upon my life. I make no apologies.

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